SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

NASHVILLE STREET.
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

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We want fresh, reliable and readable letters from every neighborhood where the SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN circulates. Give us the news plainly, correctly, briefly and intelligibly, without needless comment or rhetorical flourishes. Let no obituary notice exceed ten lines; don't discuss the weather, or write about matters of no interest to the reading public. Use but one side of the paper and write as often as you have news items to chronicle, and no oftener.

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A Countryman Abroad.

No. 2.

ED. SOUTH-KENTUCKIAN:

It is a long ways from here to Chicago. I guess it must be about five hundred miles. You leave here at 3 o'clock, p. m. and arrive there at 8 a m. next morning. From here to Evansville the road is rough beyond description, from Evansville to Chicago 'tis as smooth as a house floor, and one scarcely knows he is traveling at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, so noiselessly and easily do the cars glide along. I do not like that transfer at Henderson. I think if I go West again I will go around the Ohio. I guess the R. R. Co. do not care whether I like it or not, but I do not like it. I am afraid they will let the car get into the river. I can't swim. I don't like water much anyway. I have always thought nature could have made something stronger—something a little more exhilarating with a very small struggle. If she (nature) should ever undertake to get up a substitute for water, I would suggest "peach and honey" as being a pair that do well to draw to. It will not do to start to Chicago without some snake medicine. There are a great many shows traveling these days that have a goodly number of snakes with them and some of them might get loose and bite you. You taste your medicine at Petersburg and Madisonville, and by the time you get to Henderson you will not fear them. If you don't see them as you go, after staying a week in Chicago you will find plenty of them in your boots when you start home.

One of the prettiest sights you see is the city of Evansville by gaslight You get there about dark, and as you approach the city a thousand gas jets dance and shimmer in the midnight darkness, and you sit and gaze and gaze and dream of the splendor of the Golden Paved City whose builder and maker is God. By and by the boat that bears you along sounds her long, loud whistle and you step ashore, glad in your own heart that the muddy Ohio is behind you. I have never ridden on Steamboats much. I think I am afraid of them; I much prefer dry land. I am glad the Ohio did not conclude to come round by this town. You leave Evansville at nine o'clock. You take a sleeper, if you get one, if not, you take a drink. I could not get a sleeper. It takes two dollars to get a sleeper; alas! where were my two dollars—echo answers, gone to help convert the heathen. You sit up and talk until midnight, then you lean back and try to nod—somebody nudges your elbow and you mutter, oh! h—l—then you remember the promise made to the loved ones at home "to be ever so good," as the girls say, and you feel real mean and turn to apologize to the man who nudges your elbow, and by this time he is at the other end of the car. By and by you get to sleep—you dream of dear ones left behind—you see them standing on the brink of ruin, over and above them are gathering storm-clouds, you rush with the intrepidity of a war-stained veteran to their rescue—your head rolls down against the window, you awake, stare wildly around you and murmur, "Thank God that was only a dream."

You don't go to sleep any more. About four o'clock day light comes stealing as gently over a pulseless world as the dew falls at nightfall. I do not remember to have seen daylight come before for long, long years. I think it and sun up have come together to me since I have lived mid the glorious scenes and transcendental splendors of this glorious city. When it grows light enough to see, you gaze upon one of the loveliest countries your eyes ever beheld. A broad prairie stretches out before you carpeted with the greenest grass these eyes beheld—you gaze away off into the dim distance upon a boundless, endless space until your vision ends where the heavens seem to stoop to kiss the earth. Thousands of fine cattle, sleek and well-kept, crop this fine herbage sowed by nature's own lavish hand and nourished and warmed into life by her gentle showers and genial sunshine. Now and then you see springing up before you a little hamlet—a few hundred peaceful and happy people, who in an humble way are tugging at that grand old problem that many famed mathematicians have failed to solve, viz: "How to get meat and bread." These small towns are generally watered by modest little rivers that look as blue as the sky above you or the eyes of your sweetheart you left behind you—these run on and on murmuring in their own sweet tune the great part, they play in the grand anthem of nature. Again you strike a proud city and then the ring of the anvil, the glow of the furnace, the eternal whir of a thousand spindles tell you that teeming thousands of human beings are near you. I don't remember that I saw but one man at work in the State of Illinois. My opinion is, they toil not, neither do they spin, but depend on prairie grass and the growth of cattle to clothe and feed them.

Mr. Greely, years ago told a young man "to go West." I have no doubt but that was good advice then, but it won't do now; there is no more room out there now—the country is full There is not even room at the top—I know this to be a fact, for I was run over so much that there was no more room on top of me. We got to Chicago at 8 o'clock and went immediately to the Palmer House. I wish I could describe this house, but I can't. It is fire-proof, looks like a ten acre field fenced in. They charge only four dollars per day. I think we stayed one day. I don't think we would have stayed two. There was nothing wrong with our finances—perish the thought—you see the hotel was too grand for us, this was why we left. After this we ate at a soup stand and slept in the station house any sharp man can get lodgings at these houses—they are a great convenience to cities. All Chicago is one eating-house. When you don't strike a hotel you strike a restaurant, an when you don't strike a restaurant you strike a hotel. The way to see the city of Chicago is to follow the crowd and don't get scared.

HIRAM.

BELLEVIEW, KY.

ED. SOUTH-KENTUCKIAN:

It is with the deepest regret that I chronicle the sad consequences of the continued bad health of Mrs. Cullen Barnes, which has affected her mind very much, and it is feared that she will become entirely insane.

Misses Belle Hall and Lela Elliott attractive young ladies from Hopkinsville, paid the Misses Kennedy a short visit last week.

Mr. R. S. McGehee seems very much hurt because all the young ladies do not fall in love with him, when there is every indication that he will be married in less than six months.

Miss Annie Ware, an accomplished young lady of Hopkinsville, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. W. McGehee

A great many of the young people from this neighborhood, attended the soiree given by Mrs. J. R. Hill, of Montgomery, on the 12th, which was one of the most enjoyable occasions of the season. Mrs. Hill did all in her power to make the evening a pleasant one for her guests, who indulged in social dancing until the late hours bade them depart for their homes. A magnificent supper also added much to the enjoyment of the guests.

Miss Vic Meacham, who has been visiting her aunt, Miss Lea Lander, has returned home accompanied by the latter.

Several couples of young ladies and gentlemen from this place, spent the day at Cerulean last Sunday. The crowd was a lively one and all enjoyed themselves hugely.

The tobacco crop is all planted in this section, and harvest has begun. The farmers are all well pleased with the advancement of their work.

Belleview is as dry as ever, and can not afford anything to write about, so I will not attempt to write anything more.

BLUGGS.

BLAINE'S PET NAMES.

Louisville, June 11.—Why is James G. Blaine called the "Plumed Knight" and the "Tattooed Man?" By answering you will oblige many readers. J. C. R.

The descriptive epithet, "The Plumed Knight," was first applied to Mr. Blaine by Robert G. Ingersoll in his speech nominating Blaine for the Presidency before Cincinnati Convention of 1876. After referring to Blaine's aggressive defense of the Republican party in Congress Col. Ingersoll said, as near as we remember: "When the life of the nation was again menaced in Washington, James G. Blaine, like a plumed knight walked down the aisle of Congress and hurled his shining lace full in the face of its enemies." Ever since that speech Mr. Blaine has been called "The Plumed Knight of Maine."

The term "tattooed man" originated several weeks ago, and was an inspiration of his enemies. The New York satirical paper, Puck, published a cartoon in which the leading Republican candidate and politicians were represented as the various curiosities of the popular dime museum. In this Mr. Blaine was drawn as the tattooed man. The tattoo marks were the Mulligan letters, Credit Mobilier scheme. Union Pacific bond frauds and all the charges that have been made against Mr. Blaine in his public career. The cartoon made an instanateous hit, and was followed up by another, in which the appearence of Phryne before the tribunal was caricatured. The Republican leaders were represented as gathered at Chicago to sit in judgment upon the candidates, and Blaine as Phryne was at the moment nude before the assemblage, Whitelaw Reid as Hyperides having just flung off the robe that enveloped his client. The political Phryne was also tattooed with charges of corruption, and the Republican leaders where in ecstacies of joy at his beauty. Since the appearence of the first of these cartoons Mr. Blaine has been known among his enemies as "The Tattooed Man."

The "Plumed Knight" was the inspiration of his friends, "The Tattooed Man" of his enemies. They represented the extremes of American political feeling, and they have a great deal to do with molding public sentiment.—Louisville Commercial.

A CURIOUS CONSULTATION.

When the railroad was opened for travel between Baltimore and Washington I saw Mr. Webster frequently; but it was not until we were both employed in the important case of Wilson vs. Rousseau, in the Supreme Court, that I was again brought into professional relations with him. Our client, Mr. Jas. G. Wilson, had no less than seven counsel—Mr. Webster, Mr. William H. Seward, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, Mr. Phelps, of Vermont; Mr. Henderson, of Louisiana; Mr. Hall of Washington, and myself. The court had consented to our dividing the points—two speaking to each. But the difficulty was to get us all together for consultation. At last, in despair of succeeding otherwise, Mr. Wilson invited us to supper at the National Hotel, at 9 o'clock, with the understanding that a consultation would take place at 8. It was not until 8:30, however, that Mr. Webster called us to order, stated the object of the meeting, and complimented our host for his excellent judgment as displayed in the means adopted for securing the attendance of his professional advisers. Turning then to Mr. Seward, he said, "And now, Brother Seward, you will begin with reading the record." Records in those days were not printed, as now, but were engrossed on folio cap paper, and in this particular case the record was a heavy pile of manuscript, which Mr. Seward rested on his lap, and which would have taken several hours to read, while there remained not more than twenty minutes before supper would be ready. Mr. Seward, however, began with the formal heading, and was going on when interrupted by a burst of laughter, which was not quieted by the grave, judicial manner in which Mr. Wilson called for order, and requested "Brother Seward" to proceed. By this time Mr. Seward, who had as yet preserved his countenance, joined in the mirth; when Mr. Webster, shrugging his shoulders and turning to our client, said: "You see how it is, Mr. Wilson; there seems to be no alternative but to begin with supper. Do you think it is ready? Perhaps we may get on better with the record afterward;" and to supper in an adjoining room Mr. Wilson and his counsel marched, with Mr. Webster at the head of the procession.

There was more than one good talker at the table, and for a while the conversation was general. It was not long, however, before we were listening to Mr. Webster.

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.

He was "i' the vein," and the hours flew by unheeded as there streamed from him, in rapid succession, anecdotes, quotations, references to his boyhood, incidents in his early practice, descriptions of the men who then figured upon the scene, graphic accounts of old familiar places. He was sometimes grave, solemn even; sometimes pathetic; sometimes, and by no means infrequently, quaint, droll and humorous; sometimes setting the table in a roar; then again moving his hearers almost to tears. Sure of his company, he was under no restraint, and seemed disposed to let his animal spirits run away with him, to forget the eminent lawyer and the great statesman, to roll off the sixty-five years that then weighed upon him, and be a boy again. I believe I am the sole survivor of that merry party thirty-three years ago; and, many as have been the social gatherings at which in my own and other lands I have been present, I have no such experience as that afforded by the attempt at a consultation in the case of Wilson vs. Rousseau, in the year 1846.

I ought to add that, somehow or other, when the argument came on, we fell into our proper places, and that Mr. Wilson gained his case.—*John H. B. Latrobe, in Harper's Magazine.*

IF we would have powerful minds we must think; if we would have faithful hearts we must love; if we would have powerful muscles, we must labor. Those include nearly all that is of much value in this life.

THE Chemical Bank of New York is the most successful financial institution in existence. The capital is only $300,000, but its deposits aggregate $14,000,000, on which a discount business of $13,500,000 is transacted. Its shareholders are paid a dividend of 25 per cent. quarterly, which is liable to be increased before it is diminished. The stock is held at 2,000, which is probably the highest quotation of bank shares in the world.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S hatred of sham was shown when he once went to Springfield, Mass., to speak in the height of a total abstinence movement, and, being invited to take a "a glass of water" before going on the platform, paused after the first swallow, and, looking the committeeman squarely in the face, said: "It's good stuff! Where can I get a barrel of it?"

GEN. ABE BUFORD, of Kentucky, having been converted by a revivalist, encountered a life-long foe who had also been converted. They shook hands and then stood up and took a drink together. Let no one dispute the power of Kentucky grace.

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

The remains of the mound-builders, as the vanished people who once lived on this continent have been called, are scattered over most of the States of the Central and Lower Mississippi valley, on the sources of the Allegheny, and have been observed away up along the banks of the tawny Missouri, as well as down by the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. They are most numerous in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida and Texas, and are found in the western part of New York, and in Michigan and Iowa. A mound, until recently, was to be seen on the plain of Cahokia, Ill., nearly opposite the city of St. Louis, Mo., that was 700 feet long, 500 feet broad, 90 feet high, and that covered more than eight acres of ground. Some of the mounds in Wisconsin and Iowa are in the shape of huge animals, and there is one near Brush creek, Adams county, Ohio, that is in the form of a serpent, and that is more than 1,000 feet long. At Marietta, Ohio, are ancient earth-works that cover an area of about three-quarters of a mile long, and half a mile bread; but the most intricate, and perhaps most extensive of the works of the mound-builders are those of the Licking valley, near Newark, Ohio, extending over an area of two square miles. Many of these mounds have been found to contain skeletons, and the appearance of the bones has led some to believe that these remains point to an antiquity of 2,000 or more years. A number of these works were evidently designed as works of defense, others as burial places for the dead, and others again seem to have been constructed as temples or places of worship and sacrifice. Among the remains have also been found numerous implements and ornaments, usually composed of stone, sometimes of copper (always in its native state) and occasionally shell and bone. Curious pottery has been found, often coarse and rude, but sometimes graceful and highly ornamented. It was not believed that the mound builders had any written language. Prof. Newberry, generalizing the views of leading scientists, remarks that, from all the facts before us, we can only say that the Mississippi valley and the Atlantic coast were once populated by a sedentary, agricultural and partially civilized race, quite different from the nomadic Indians, though possibly the progenitors of some of the Indian tribes; and that, after centuries of occupation, they disappeared, at least 1,000, and perhaps many thousand years before the advent of the Europeans. Some have maintained that the mound-builders and the mysterious people who preceded the Aztecs in Mexico were the descendants of crews from Japan, whose ships had been accidentally driven across the Pacific. Another theory has been advanced that these people migrated from Asia; they passed from the cradle of the race over Asia to Siberia, across Behring straits, down the Pacific coast of America from Alaska to the Mississippi valley, and down to Mexico, Central America and Peru. It is noted, by those who suggest this, that in Siberia mounds have been found similar to those in the Mississippi valley.

A NATURAL DELIGHT.

"It gives me a pleasant sense of victory," said Miss Alcott, "to ransack the old trunks, and now and then fish out and sell a story that had been rejected over and over again when I had not been heard of, and that goes readily enough now. I lately took malicious delight in replying to a request for a story from a magazine by sending it a story which its editor had rejected at least once, and I don't know but twice. He took it and paid me well for it.'—*Indianapolis Journal.*

CUSTER county, Mountana, is about as big as Pennsylvania.

VICTOR HUGO wrote his first successful play in eight days.

INDIAN NAMES.

Nomenclature among the Indians is apt to be exceedingly bewildering, both to themselves and everybody else, from the fact that one name, whether of a person or a thing, never has the slightest distinct relation.

To one unacquainted with customs which dictate these names, the ridiculous and often apparently meaningless titles seem absurd freaks of fancy. This they often are, to be sure, but as frequently they have a significance which honors the man if it does not designate his family. Ordinarily, however, the appellation he receives is obtained at random, and it is likely to be changed any time, either by the wearer or his friends. In fact it is quite the thing for a warrior to change his name after each exploit, always adopting some descriptive and complimentary title, or perhaps—unfortunately for him—in case of failure in an expedition, cowardice or some evidence of weakness, he has it changed for him by his friends. All Indians, even great chiefs, seem to possess a remarkaole fondness for nicknaming; and while the leading man in the tribe may insist on being called by his own choice title, nothing prevents his being known and designated by a very different, and perhaps uncomplimentary name. As deformities, peculiarities of character or accident to limb or feature often suggest fit names, it is sometimes impossible to know by the appellation whether the warrior is in contempt or honor among his associates. Strangely enough, too, however, far from flattering the title of a warrior, he is sure to accept it sooner or later. There is a single approach to general custom in the naming of sons by their fathers, and the daughters by their mothers. Daughters' names are never altered, and, as married women do not take their husbands' names, there is nothing in the appellation to indicate whether an Indian woman is married or single.

IT is fashionable in New England to drive horses three abreast to sleighs, as the Russians do.

STRANGE PETS.

Everything living, however small and insignificant it appears, is susceptible to kindness. In a Massachusetts town there is a young woman who has made quite a number of the piscatorial inhabitants of a pond her most intimate friends. She makes daily visits to the pond, carrying a generous supply of food. Any one of the fish, turtles, frogs, etc., will eat out of the lady's hand, and allow themselves to be handled without betraying the least fear. The most familiar of this colony is a large eel, over three feet long, which will permit himself to be taken from the water and toyed with at pleasure, the only consideration being that his head alone shall remain in the water. Among her other acquaintances are two snapping-turtles, who seem to relish the terms of familiarity.

WOMEN are not cruel by nature. We never heard of one thoughtless enough to step on a mouse.